

THOUGHTS

(IN VERSE,) 698/9

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY,

WHO DIED

MARCH 29th, 1788;

IN THE EIGHTIETH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

By JAMES KENTON.

He endured, as seeing him that is invisible.

Heb. xi. 17.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X X V I I I .

THOUGHTS

ON THE

REASONING

OF THE

REV. CHARLES WESLEY

WHO SAID

WAS IT NOT

THEY WHO

SAID

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR AT THE MINDEN PRESS

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QUARTERLY REVIEW, AND IN THE

LIBRARY OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

THOUGHTS, &c.

P A R T I.

I.

O GOD of everlasting Grace !
 I humbly bow before thy Face,
 Revering thy mysterious Love
 That call'd thy faithful Servant up,
 With Thee in Paradise to sup,
 And mix with happy Saints above.

II.

I would my grateful Tribute pay ;
 But far inadequate my Lay,
 His Gifts, his Grace, his Love to tell ;
 His Faith, his Works to celebrate,
 And all his Usefulness relate,
 And all his animated Zeal.

III.

Come Muse Divine, that dwells among
 The bright, the ever-sacred Throng,
 Come, and my well-meant Verse inspire,
 Assist my humble Strain below,
 So shall my plausible Numbers flow,
 Responsive to my grateful Lyre.

IV.

I sing, this solemn, mournful day,
 My Friend, my Father, rapt away,
 To Regions of celestial Light
 On a triumphal Car upborne,
 Angelic Hosts, aid his return,
 And Israel's Horses speed his flight.

V.

Thou who wa'st call'd in early Youth,
 The LORD to fear, and love the Truth,
 The paths of Duty to pursue ;

Was

Was call'd to minister the Word,
A faithful Servant of thy LORD,
His Pleasure and his Will to do:

VI.

Prompt to explore a distant Clime,
There to promulge the Truths sublime,
Of JESUS the incarnate GOD;
To spread the Vict'ry of his Cross,
Thou counted'st Life and all Things Loss,
And plough'd the vast Atlantic Flood.

VII.

Return'd to hail thy native Shore,
To Labour, Toil, and suffer more
Thy Mission from on high to prove;
To serve the Altars of the LORD,
And joy in *England's* Church restor'd;
Dear Object of thy latest love!

VIII.

To join in fellowship below,
The Saints who Sins forgiven know,
Of *England's* Church the faithful Sons;
This thy delight, thy chiefest Care,
Her ruinous Breaches to repair,
And build her up with living Stones.

IX.

A chosen Vessel of his Grace,
Rais'd up in our degenerate days,
This Work of Mercy to revive;
To gild our clouded Hemisphere,
We saw thee rising bright and fair,
And in our favour'd Land arrive.

X.

Then, when thy public Course began,
We saw, we lov'd, admir'd the man,
Whose kind Philanthropy and Zeal,

Urg'd

Urg'd thee to brave the threaten'g storm,
Thy high Commission to perform,
And dare the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell.

XI.

High-honour'd Servant of thy GOD!
How vast the Eminence bestow'd,
On Thee, great Messenger of Grace!
Aloud the Gospel Trump to sound,
Publishing joyful Tidings round,
Pardon for Adam's sinful Race.

XII.

As a shrill Clarion from the Sky,
Thy Herald's Voice was heard on high;
" 'Tis GOD invites the fallen Race;"
No more his Love and Mercy spurn,
But to a gracious GOD return,
Come, and be freely sav'd by Grace.

XIII.

Ye dead in Sin and Nature's Night,
Arise, and CHRIST shall give you Light,
Mercy accept so freely given,
Turn from your ev'ry evil Way,
Turn and Repent, Believe, Obey,
And live on Earth the Life of Heaven.

XIV.

JESUS, the Sinner still receives,
And who in his Great Name believes,
Eternal Light and Life shall know;
O'er Sin, Death, Hell shall conqu'ror prove,
And fill'd with Peace, and Hope, and Love,
Triumphantly to Glory go.

XV.

For Harvest ripe, the whiten'd fields,
Of Souls a vast in-gathering yields,
Who to th' uplifted Standard fly;

And

And Multitudes by Sin distressed,
A shelter seek in JESU's Breast,
And groan to find Redemption nigh.

XVI.

Thousands for free Forgiveness cry'd,
They felt the sov'reign Good apply'd,
The healing Balm of JESU's Blood;
The Blood that sets the Sinner free,
From Guilt, and Satan's Tyranny,
And makes us Kings, and Priests to GOD.

XVII.

To Life and Happiness restor'd.
They knew, they blest, they lov'd their Lord,
Did in his Love and Truth abide;
Increas'd in Faith, in Hope, in Grace,
Steadily walk'd in all his ways,
And happy in his Favour died

XVIII.

To testify this Gospel true,
JESUS upheld and brought thee thro',
Vouch'dsafe thy Ministry to own;
And Children given by thy LORD,
Begotten by the sacred Word,
Shall be thy Glory, and thy Crown:

XIX.

Deck'd with an everlasting Youth,
They who by thee have known the Truth,
The righteous Seed shall enter in;
By thee a countless Train led on,
Shall circle round the great white Throne,
For ever sav'd from Hell and Sin.

XX.

These Witnesses, a countless Crowd,
Who chant the Saviour's Praise aloud,
Beckon us up to Seats above,

That

That we their mighty Joys may share,
And all the Heavenly Impress bear,
Renew'd in Holiness and Love.

XXI.

But who shall now our Loss repair ?
'Tis Thou, O LORD, that hear'st Prayer,
And earnest Prayer to Thee be giv'n ;
May the great Prophet* left behind,
Of Strength a double Portion find,
The Mantle of the Saint in Heav'n

XXII.

Still lengthen out his precious days,
Preserve and bless in all his Ways,
'Till he thy Work hath fully done ;
O may he then depart in Peace,
The Crown of Righteousness to seize,
And fill an everlasting Throne.

XXIII.

Together then beyond the Skies,
The dazzling Luminaries rise,
A happy undivided Pair,
By JESUS honour'd, lov'd, and own'd,
With Radiance bright, and Glory crown'd,
Shine with unrivall'd Lustre there.

* His Brother, the Rev. John Wesley.

P A R T II.

I.

THANKS to our all redeeming LORD,
Who, ever faithful to his word,
To day, as yesterday the same,
By loving Faith, and patient Hope
Hath born e thy happy spirit up,
And fully sav'd thro' JESUS's Name !

Worn

II.

Worn out with a long course of years,
 When he the welcome summons hears,
 The hoary Veteran quits the Field,
 Beholds his LORD with smiling Face,
 And sinks in JESU's soft embrace,
 By th' everlasting Arms upheld.

III.

Go, noble Confessor, and stand,
 Triumphant at thy LORD's Right-hand,
 When he shall fix the final Doom;
 And when th' applauding Word is given,
 " Servant of GOD, receive thy Heaven :"—
 Thy Throne of Glory *then* assume.

IV.

Thou did'st protect and guard his Sheep,
 Thou did'st his Word of Patience keep,
 And faithful to the end endure;
 Did'st in thy Captain's footsteps tread,
 Close copying CHRIST thy conquering Head,
 And thus the Vict'ry insure.

V.

The World, with all it's Pageantries,
 Fame, Pleasure, Honour, Wealth, and Ease,
 Display'd it's boasted Goods in vain;
 Superior to it's Smile or Frown,
 Thou did'st with unconcern look down,
 And all it's idle Pomp disdain.

VI.

Poor short-liv'd Triumphs of an hour!
 No thirst of Sacerdotal Power,
 Nor lust of high Pontific Pride,
 Could vary thy determin'd Aim,
 Of publishing the Saviour's Name,
 Who for a World of Sinners died,

Bold

VII.

Bold daring Sinners to alarm,
 His language flow'd with Pathos warm,
 The Terrors of the LORD t' unfold ;
 But when the Sin-convincing Dart,
 Had pierc'd th' obdurate Sinner's Heart,
 He cry'd—the Lamb of GOD behold !

VIII.

T' abase, the proud, aspiring Boast,
 Of those who their own Goodness trust,
 He strove with kind suspicious care,
 To o'erthrow their Pharisaic Pride ;
 Be humble, as your LORD, he cry'd,
 Blest with the guard of Godly Fear.

IX.

To tempted Souls, his love was great,
 And pitying their distress'd Estate,
 Sooth'd with his consolating Song :
 His lips a precious Balm distill'd,
 Their Wounds bound up, their Bruises heal'd,
 Charm'd by the Music of his Tongue.

X.

With what sublimity of thought
 To us the sacred Truths he taught,
 Doctrines, Experience, Practice true !
 Taught us aright ourselves to know,
 And JESUS, manifest below,
 Us in his Image to renew.

XI.

Taught us from Satan's Snares to fly,
 To heave the penitential Sigh,
 And drop the soft repentant tear ;
 To feel the groaning, aching Void,
 The Thirst, and hunger after GOD,
 The sacred, conscious, filial Fear.

Taught

XII.

Taught us to feel the sweet Distress,
 Joy, and unutterable Peace,
 And Faith, and Hope, that soars above,
 The Great Invisible to see,
 (JESUS, who gave himself—for *me!*)
 And find in him the Heaven of Love.

XIII.

Taught us to gain the patient Mind,
 A Will submissive, and resign'd,
 Courteous, unfeign'd Humility;
 The tender sympathetic Sense,
 Disinterested Benevolence,
 Sincere of Heart, and Mind to be.

XIV.

Taught us Long-suffering to express,
 By Patience, Meekness, Gentleness,
 Devoid of Guile, or selfish Art;
 Perfection on the Gospel Plan,
 The genuine Love of GOD, and Man,
 CHRIST in a pure, and lowly Heart.

XV.

Taught us t' expect the solemn Day,
 When JESUS shall himself display,
 Erect his grand Millennial Throne;
 His boundless Sway o'er all obtain,
 Before his Ancients glorious reign,
 Perfecting all his Saints in one.

XVI.

How did thy modest Merit shine!—
 Each Moral Excellence was thine,
 And tender sympathetic Love;
 Thy generous Breast for Friendship form'd,
 Delighted, sooth'd, and sweetly warm'd,
 All whom *true* Friendship could approve.

With

XVII.

With Knowledge, Learning, Wisdom fraught,
 With strength, and energy of Thought,
 Sound Speech, and Language pure was thine:
 These Talents faithfully employ'd,
 Shew'd Thee th' Ambassador of GOD,
 And gave his Church th' Authentic Sign,

XVIII.

Thus were thy Gifts and Graces seen,
 Acknowledg'd both by GOD and Men,
 Supremely Great, supremely Good;
 In thee the Humble Man we view,
 The Scholar, and the Christian too,
 And blest the Grace on thee bestow'd,

XIX.

Blest with his Confidence and Love,
 (Happy that confidence to prove,
 And learn the Dictates of his Mind.)
 Knowledge in all his Words were found,
 And Grace and Wisdom did abound,
 And Pleasures noble and refin'd.

XX,

When Nature could hold out no more,
 And hast'ning to the blissful shore,
 (His happy Spirit still detain'd,)
 T' attend his latest moments, I,
 (So highly favour'd!) then was nigh,
 To view the Conquest more than gain'd.

XXI.

Ready at the approach of Death,
 To render up his parting Breath,
 He all it's threatening Darts defy'd;
 No struggling Agony was seen,
 With placid Brow, and Mind serene,
 He sunk—in JESU's Arms—and died!

He

XXII.

He died—a Kingdom to receive !
 Or—then he first began to live,
 To pluck th' Ambrosial Fruit !*—to breathe
 Celestial Air !†—to drink the Stream §
 Pure, in the New Jerusalem,
 Forgetting all his Toils beneath.

* Rev. xxii. 2.

† Ibid xxii. 1.

§ Ibid xxi. 10.

P A R T III.

I.

THY Trials, and thy Labours o'er,
 I view thy happy Spirit soar,
 To yonder blissful Realms arise,
 Where rang'd in beauteous order stand,
 A countless, bright, harmonious Band,
 Who hail thine Entrance to the Skies.

II.

There shalt thou hear, and there alone,
 A Language that excels thine own,
 Sung to the Music of the Spheres ;
 Our Notes, alas ! are all too faint,
 T'express the Raptures of a Saint,
 When he the Song of Angels hears.

III.

Oft did thy tow'ring Genius mount,
 To yon celestial, holy Fount,
 Imbibing pure seraphic Fire ;
 Christian Simplicity combin'd,
 And Classic Elegance was join'd,
 To tune thy sweetly-warbling Lyre.

Life,

IV.

Life, Death, and Time, and Friendship charm'd,
 And hoary YOUNG at midnight warm'd,
 With Pathos noble, and sublime ;
 MILTON, our Nations noblest Boast,
 Our Ruin sung, our Eden lost,
 And Man's primeval Guilt, and Crime,

V.

Grandeur the Subject of thy Verse :
 Thou didst the noble Acts rehearse,
 Of JESUS the immortal GOD ;
 Who died, a guilty World to save,
 Himself a precious Ransom gave,
 And bought the Nations with his Blood.

VI.

JESUS, the blest incarnate WORD,
 The Lamb of GOD, th' eternal LORD ;
 JESUS, almighty to redeem !
 The Name—that dwelt upon thy Tongue,
 The Name—inspiring all thy Song ;
 Soul of thy unexhausted Theme !

VII.

He sung :—What has he left unsung ?
 As yet we hear his warbling Tongue,
 Re-echoing in our ravish'd Ears ;
 Our Woes to sooth, our Sorrows heal
 With Sacred Melody to fill
 Our Hearts, and banish all our Fears.

VIII.

They who in endless Pleasures live,
 The venerable Bard receive,
 Conduct him to his azure Seat,
 Suspend a while their choicest Song,
 And Wonder stills th' acclaiming Throng,
 In Silence list'ning at his Feet.

IX.

'Tis there the LORD's redeemed are found,
 There Sion's Saints with Joy are crown'd,
 And chant their never-ending Lays;
 DAVID, (while he amaz'd, admires
 Thee Soul of true Poetic fires,)
 New tunes his Harp to JESU's Praise.

X.

Then all the holy ancient Choirs,
 Accordant strike their golden Lyres,
 Led on by *Jesse's* favour'd Son:
 Bright Angels catch th' approving Sound
 And rapt'rous Extasies abound,
 Such as are found in Heaven alone.

XI.

Enter'd into his Prefence now,
 A radiant Circle decks thy brow,
 A Victor's Palm thy hand receives;
 Stamp'd with th' unutterable Name
 Of the eternal, great I AM,
 "Thy Soul in endless Raptures lives."

XII.

In that supremely grand Abode,
 Mansion of the Eternal GOD,
 Where pure unbounded Essence reigns;
 With Joy o'erflow'd, with Love replete,
 Thou shalt thy former Comrades greet,
 And range with them th' ethereal Plains.

XIII.

Mixt with that num'rous happy Throng,
 Singing the Lamb's eternal Song,
 Thou shalt the heavenly Triumph share:
 Among the favour'd, radiant Train,
 Thy FLETCHER recognize again,
 And clasp thy dear lov'd WHITEFIELD there.

May

XIV.

May we, who have thy Labours known,
 Thy Children who our Loss bemoan,
 (Our loss, but thy immortal Gain :)
 Rise with redoubled Vigor rise,
 Press on, to meet thee in the Skies,
 And, after all our Sufferings reign.

XV.

Oh! faithful Pastor, Guide, and Friend!
 When shall we after thee ascend,
 To hail thee on that happy Shore;
 Greeting our old Companions there,
 With thee our Lot of Glory share,
 And meet, and love, and part no more.

XVI.

We soon shall quit this House of Clay,
 Clap the glad wing and tow'r away,
 To mingle with the Saints above;
 A while in Paradise to rest,
 'Till rising to the Marriage Feast,
 A fuller blessedness we prove.

XVII.

What Scenes of exquisite Delight,
 Then burst upon our ravish'd Sight,
 With Pleasures permanent and sure:
 Our Raptures of essential Joy,
 (Raptures that ne'er decay, or cloy,)
 Shall long as GOD himself endure.

XVIII.

Array'd in Robes of spotless White,
 We drink the Streams of pure Delight,
 That issue from th' eternal Throne;
 We eat th' immortalizing Food
 That fills our panting Souls with Good,
 With JESUS made for ever One.

Nor

XIX.

Nor Time, nor Death shall intervene,
 To cloud that bright Etherial Scene,
 When JESUS shows his smiling Face;
 We then reclin'd upon his Breast,
 In sweet uninterrupted Rest,
 On him eternally—shall GAZE.

XX.

E'er long the Mortal Story ends,
 JESUS shall own his faithful Friends,
 Accomplishing his grand Design;
 Will answer thy continu'd Prayer,
 The Kingdoms for himself prepare,
 Renew'd in Righteousness Divine.

XXI.

The Gentile Tribes redeem from Sin,
 The Forces of the Sea bring in,
 And Israel's Sons again restore,
 His everlasting sway maintain;
 LORD GOD omnipotent shall reign,
 King over all for evermore.

XXII.

Sharers of that Solemnity,
 With what extatic Joy we see
 Among the glorious glittering Train,
 Thee, with thy Robes of Glory on,
 Receive thy never-fading Crown,
 And with thy LORD for ever reign.

XXIII.

F I N I S.